







## A Splendid Poem.

### ETERNAL JUSTICE.

(We sent with the following splendid poem last yester-

day, and on exchange, it is by Charles Mackay, an English poet.

The man is taught a lesson as best,  
Or logic, or reason,  
What is the secret of his kind,  
To be a tyrant.  
For his the hearts shall die;  
For him the axe shall burst;  
For him the gibbet shall be built;  
For him the sword.  
Him shall the sword, and worth of man,  
Purse, and deadly sin;  
And another, spite, and lies,  
That he may be a tyrant.  
But truth shall come at the last;  
For round and round we are,  
And over the same opinions,  
And over in justice done.  
From through dry soil, and old meadows,  
"Come, let us sing,  
To trust the impulse of thy soul,  
And let the lamp of day.  
They are here to search the womb of clay  
That we may be a tyrant.  
But they cannot quench the fire of thought,  
By any such deadly wine.  
They cannot blot thy words  
From the earth.  
All the power over was beyond  
Since time our course began.  
From thence, in misery, adored,  
A tyrant, and a tyrant we are.  
And over the same opinions,  
And over in justice done.  
Pis in dry soil, over Auster;  
He who the fire; power,  
Austere, the range of human power,  
And trust the lamp of day.  
They may call them wiser and much wiser,  
And lead them with desire;  
There are here hundred proofs two more  
That we are men of human kind.  
Time has reward in store;  
And the dragon of our souls becomes  
The man of human kind.  
The man can see, the slave is lost;  
He round and round we are,  
And over the wrongs to prove to be wrong,  
And over in justice done.  
Come, let us sing,  
And serve thy soul to best,  
They may give o'er the sensible words they  
Know not.

From the day of thy despair,  
They are here to search the womb of clay,  
The man is taught a lesson as best,  
But they cannot blot thy words  
From the earth.

The heart of a prince may fad from day,  
And a tyrant, and a tyrant we are;

But truth shall come at the last;

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